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THE LEHIGH BURR.

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EDITORIAL.

IT is fully expected that when college opens in the Fall we will be under the government of the new President, whom the Trustees of the University have been exercising such care in selecting. His name has not as yet been announced, but he exists. In view of the fact that it is a foregone conclusion that he will be a good man, and in calculating also that hard luck cannot continue forever, and that finance must brighten up, we find ourselves looking forward to a new era of success in the history of the University.

WE are glad to announce the issue, in the near future, of a Lehigh publication of a new kind. A book of tasteful form and design, entitled "Lehigh Verse," is now in the course of compilation and will soon be in the hands of the printer. It will contain a collection of the best verse of all that has appeared upon the pages of the Lehigh publications, *The Epitome* and *THE BURR*, since their origin. This work will make a valuable addition to Lehigh literature. The idea is a good one, and we hope the work, if it be well done, may meet with success and approval. The editors and publishers of the book are, R. E. Chetwood, Jr., '95, and John J. Gibson, '95. This book will be followed by another of the same nature, filled with Lehigh stories.

WITH this issue of *THE BURR* we complete the present volume. As the present Board of Editors expect to continue their present work next year, this valedictory must be of the nature of a good-bye to *Alma Mater* rather than to our readers, whom we will so soon see again; that is, with the exception of those of our number who go forth to the battle of life, armed with a weapon and a shield that are as good as any degree and sheepskin that can be found in this country.

The past collegiate year has been an exceedingly eventful one. We are still mindful of the great loss that was ours at its very beginning, and the sorrow is still with us. The financial depression of the country has been severely felt by the University with its consequent call for economy and attendant inconvenience. But yet in the student-body the year has been a rather successful one. We have seen our foot-ball team rank fifth in the country, and have seen misfortune alone deprive us of equal success in the other branches of athletics. Our musical organizations have been more successful than ever before, and to the efforts of the L. U. C. A. and the Engineering Societies we are indebted for a most interesting course of lectures. With the best prospects for a successful future a new Lehigh publication has appeared, and the *Epitome* has, for its part, come to us in a form

which enables it to fill its proper place in the progression of excellence. Three new fraternities have been added to the existing number, and in the efforts we see on all sides, we can recognize evidences that the dawn of the honor system is not far distant.

However, here we are again, and commencement week is upon us with all that it brings of joy and sadness—for what part of our life is not of that bitter-sweet mixture?—and with best wishes for every one who wants them, we say “good-bye” to you and to our *Alma Mater*.

THE loss of the lacrosse championship is but one more evidence of the worse than bad luck that has been attending us in athletics. It seems that a Lehigh team cannot bear up under the least show of adversity, which meets it upon the field. The questionable decision of Sutorius, on the goal which would have saved the game for us, did not win the game for Stevens so much by its taking one from Lehigh's score, as by the fact that it took all the backbone out of the new men at least. The hardest part to learn in any athletic sport is to play an “uphill” game, and so far as records show Lehigh has never learned the art. How many games of all kinds there have been which have been virtually won and then finally lost by our team? And who ever saw a Lehigh team overcome a lead held by opponents? That this state of affairs should be continued is disheartening, and there is no doubt that the fault does not so much lie in the inability or lack of nerve on the part of the athlete, as upon the failure of his fellow-student, the spectator, in not encouraging and inspiring confidence. It is all well enough to show confidence by betting before a game, but it shows more to raise your voice in cheers of encouragement when a team is playing in the face of defeat and not sit glum and despondent and thinking only of the V (or probably considerably more) which you may lose. No one could accuse Lehigh men of failing to back a team with money, for there never was a time

when we would not, but it must be said that we have lost our reputation for cheering, and with it a lacrosse championship and lots of other incidental glory.

However, it is gratifying to see the interest taken in lacrosse by the new material that this year has brought upon the field. Interclass games were continued long after the season, and more sticks have been seen this Spring than ever before, which promises well for earnest work for next year, if not for excellence also.

CLOTHED in a tasty and appropriate cover, rich with the spoils of a year of college life, and laden with good things in prose and verse, the '95 *Epitome* comes to us.

Classes may come and classes may go, but *The Epitome* goes on forever, working out its own evolution in its own peculiar way and increasing in interest year by year.

The '95 *Epitome* is, we hope, but a link in the chain that is to reach unbroken from the old paper annual of '86 to the only dreamt of wonders of the future. The '95 Board has done its work well, and the thanks of the University and Class are due it. As is always the case in an annual, there are several drawings which will not bear comparison with the rest of the book—their omission would have benefitted the general appearance of the book. The typographical work and half-tones are below the average, though this is not the fault of the Board, as it was forced by financial reasons to send the book out of town.

A glance within the covers reveals many new and interesting features. On the very first page the Board shows its love and veneration for the powers that be by a superb series of half-tone snap-shots, taken in characteristic attitudes. Surely such devotion is praiseworthy and ought not to go unrewarded.

The pictorial work is far above the average, some notably good cuts being the “Triskaideka,” and “The Societies and Clubs,” by Burley, '94; “The Architectural Club,” by Williams, '96;

"The Freshman Class Banquet," and "The Sophomore M.E.'s on a Shop Visit," by Townsend, '95. Both of the latter are excellent examples of humorous work.

The literary matter is good, both in quantity and quality. Neat bits of verse are scattered here and there, the verses "To Packer Hall" being among the best that have appeared in a Lehigh publication. The version of "Brown and White" given should be used by the Glee Club.

Of the prose work the farce entitled "Pickled Hominy," will be appreciated the most by the Anti-Fiends. The "College Banquet" is well done. Several of the other prose sketches lack point.

One of the most encouraging features of the book is the number of clever artists in the lower classes, thus ensuring good books for several years to come.

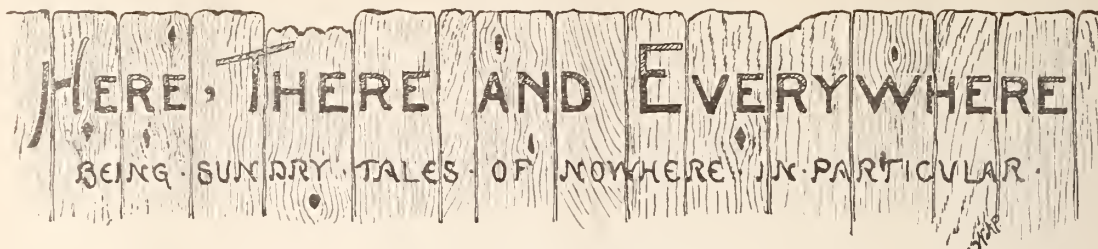
IF all we do could be done over, how very different everything would be. But experience is the greatest teacher, and it is only after many mistakes that we are enabled to see where improvement could be made. This is so, probably, in the publication of every *Epitome*, where no Board is favored by the experience of an old member to tell them how their work might be simplified and bettered. Each Board starts upon its work hardly realizing what there is to do, and so a few suggestions at the time when the newly elected Board assumes control, might not be inopportune.

There is very much to be gained by systematizing the work into different departments, providing that the men thus deputed as overseers, feel the responsibility of their share of the work and see that it is done correctly. After this the thing of first importance—although it can not usually be done until the

first of January—is to decide upon the printers. To a very great extent the success of *The Epitome* depends upon this, so we call special attention to it; and should the new Board find it necessary to get the work done out of town, let them be very careful that the contract contains all that should be required of their publisher. However, let it be said that the inconvenience of getting the printing done at a distance, is a consideration which weighs strongly against such action, unless the new Board is handicapped by a scarcity of advertisements, and forced to find cheaper work.

Since *The Epitome* is a record for the year, the next important thing is the collecting of the statistics. This could be made much more accurate by requiring lists of names to be in printed letters, and reject all done otherwise. In collecting class statistics there should be provided special blanks for that purpose, and mailed to every man in college, to be filled out with his full name, home and college addresses, and college statistics in such manner as should be prescribed. After arranging these slips in alphabetical order, they would be ready for the printers. It is evident that an endless amount of trouble could thus be saved, and the slight cost connected with it would more than compensate for the saving of mistakes that might otherwise occur.

These constitute the mechanical part of the book. The nature and extent of the art and literary matter, as well as the size of the book, should of course, be left to the better judgment of the Board. We hope in some respects they will follow in the lines of their predecessors, but when there is room for improvement let it be made. The new Board is a good one, and a very worthy *Epitome* should be expected next year.



THE WAY HE DID IT.

BLAKE was sitting on his porch thinking. He did not often indulge in this occupation, so it partook of the nature of a luxury for him. According to his own opinion he was in a quandary, and a bad one at that. He was or had persuaded himself that he was very much in love with Nellie Travers, and thinking that the possession of so weighty a secret would undermine his health, he desired to impart it to her, so that she might tell her sister. He knew it would never get any further, so he felt safe in telling her.

She was about to leave town for the Summer. In fact she was to leave on Wednesday, and this was Monday. On Tuesday she was to go out to the Evan's place in the suburbs, to a tennis tea. Mrs. Evans, who considered Blake wild and dissipated, had decided not to ask him, being afraid to trust the snow white society lambs she had gathered for the occasion, in the company of such a moral leper as she considered Blake.

This was the question that was disturbing Blake's equanimity. "How should he manage to get an invitation from Mrs. Evans, for he knew that this was his only chance."

"If I could only see her," he thought, "I'd soon fix it up all right."

That was impossible, however, because on the only occasion he had ever called, he had heard her dulcet tones instructing the servant, as he left, that she was, in future, "not at home to Mr. Blake."

A violent ring at the bell aroused him and a servant handed him a little note, evidently written in great haste. "Dear Mr. Blake," it

read. "Can you not come to dine with us this evening, very informally. We leave town tomorrow, and I particularly wish to see you. Do not fail us please. Very cordially yours, Mary Chamberlain." Having written a hasty acceptance, he rose and began hurriedly to dress.

A little later he entered the Chamberlain drawing-room, and after chatting for a few moments with his hostess, she said, "Tom, I want to introduce you to Mrs. Evans."

The look on that lady's face caused him a great deal of amusement, which with difficulty he concealed. Sinking on the divan beside her, he began to talk with her in an idle manner.

"Now," he reasoned to himself, "she is a woman, so I can flatter her. She is shallow, so I can put it on with a trowel, and she is not handsome, so—well here goes."

"Do you know Mrs. Evans, I always did like to see women of your style of beauty wearing those very dark red roses in their gowns."

"Do you? Why?" she inquired icily.

"Because the ivory-white of your neck affords such a beautiful contrast to the harsher colors of the flowers," he returned easily.

"Mr. Blake, you men are entirely too fond of saying such things to old married women like myself."

"Pardon me Mrs. Evans, but your remark does not at all apply to yourself. When one is charming to look at and to talk to, one is never old," said he gazing at her in an admiring way.

"How absurd of you to talk in this way," she said, thawing visibly in her manner toward him. "Why don't you go over there and talk to some of those pretty girls," pointing to a group in a distant part of the room.

"Because I do not believe in leaving a superlative for a positive," he returned. "When one has seen a diamond he no longer mistakes the glitter of glass for it."

"Oh, Mr. Blake, that reminds me. I sent you a note a couple of days ago, but as I have not had an answer to it, I suppose you didn't get it."

"No," he returned, "I never did. What was it?"

"Why," she said, "I am giving a little tea to Miss Travers, and I want you to come so much. I do hope you will."

"I shall be most delighted," he replied.

"Do you know Mary," said Mrs. Evans to her hostess a little later, "I never used to like Mr. Blake. He used to be so wild and reckless, I think he has improved wonderfully. He is really very nice indeed, and he seems to be such a discriminating young man. He has such good judgment."

"Tom," said Mrs. Chamberlain, after Mrs. Evans had taken her departure, "you are the greatest wretch I have ever seen."

"Why?" he asked with a grin.

"I nearly burst with laughter at your talk with Mrs. Evans. I'm glad you got your invitation."

"How did you know what I was after," he asked.

"Oh, Nellie Travers asked me to see if I couldn't get her to invite you."

And Blake understood.

AN UNRECORDED VOW.

BROWN had been wandering idly up and down the sands. The lights in the ball-room shone brightly further up the beach, and out on the water a few lights twinkled on a passing coaster. He had strolled down from the room, warm and uncomfortable, to regale himself with a smoke before going back to the heat and discomfort of the July hop. His cigar finished he rose, and with a sigh of discontent, strolled slowly up to the veranda and stood in the doorway, gazing idly at the dancers. A look at his card told him that he was engaged for the next dance, and he looked curiously round the room searching for his partner.

An eager light came into his eyes as he saw, near the other end of the room, a girl in white talking in a lively manner to two or three men, who seemed very much interested in what she was saying. He hastily crossed the room and, bowing, said: "This is my dance, isn't it?"

"Oh, Tom! Is it you?" she asked, raising her head and blushing slightly. "No, this isn't your dance. At least, not now. It was, but I gave it to Mr. Young," and she took her

partner's arm, smiling sweetly over her shoulder at Brown, who, nearly boiling over with rage, stared after her for a moment, then with a muttered oath left the room and went out upon the piazza.

"That's what I get!" he muttered. "Well, what else ought I to expect from a woman, anyway. I'm old enough and big enough to have known better," he continued, bitterly. "There's one thing certain," he went on, "so long as I live, I'll never ask *her* for another dance. Not if she sits out every single one. If she waits for me to speak to her, she'll wait the devil of a long time, too. She thinks she's got me on the string, I suppose. I'll mighty soon show her that she's fooling herself."

"Tom," murmured a soft voice behind him, "I lost my fan somewhere. Wont you take me to the other end of the veranda to find it."

He half turned, looked at her, hesitated, and—was lost.

"You're not angry with me, are you, Tom?" asked the girl. "You know I'd much rather have danced with you than Mr. Young. He dances so badly."

"Can I have the next, then?" asked Brown.

"Can you? Of course you can! I do believe you were really angry with me," said she, looking up archly into his face.

"Oh, May! If you only knew——."

"TEMPORA ET MORES LINGUÆ MUTANT."

In days of old, the men of court
 Were wont to say "I trow, sir,"
 In modern days, the men who court,
 Spend all their rocks, "to trouser."
 Americans abroad would call,
 A spend-thrift duke a "rouser;"
 At home, of those, who spend their all,
 'Tis said they "do carouse, sir."

AS OVERHEARD.

THEY sat there in the softly-lighted hall,
 'Twas in the corner that was most remote.
 He saw the lamp-light o'er her bright hair fall,
 And in a low voice he began to quote.

The words were old, they ran thus: "In your eyes—
 They seem like purple violets kissed by rain—
 I see the vision of my paradise,
 And hope that I may reach the gates again."

She straightway rose, with mien as cold as ice,
 A look of anger in her deep blue eyes.
 "I must say, Tom, I don't think you are nice
 To call them thus a common pair o' dice."

YOURS SINCERELY.

OF all the phrases that we read
 (I hope I state it clearly),
 There's one at least we do not need,
 And that is:—"Yours sincerely."
 We write it when we mean it not
 To an acquaintance merely.
 One-half the notes I ever got
 Were signed with:—"Yours sincerely."
 'Tis used by lovers, foes, and friends
 Who write each other yearly.
 For that old phrase which serves their ends
 The best is:—"Yours sincerely."
 The only girl I ever loved,
 Or thought I did, most dearly,
 Was one whom finally I moved
 To drop that:—"Yours sincerely."
 I reckon when I've got some pelf
 Like Adam, by toil merely,
 If then I offer her myself,
 I'll find her mine "sincerely."

Two days later some one found her fan, and the Recording Angel, when St. Peter's back was turned, with the tip of one of his wings erased Tom Brown's vow.

WILL YOU?

WILL you sit the table round,
 With your eyes upon the ground,
 And your crystal glass;
 Empty as it stands beside you.
 As its shining eyes deride you,
 When you fail to pass?
 When they all around you drink,
 Will you staidly sit and think.
 Of your ill-spent past;
 Passing up the wine to others,
 Whom no sober thought e'er bothers?
 Leave *that* till the last!

Never! Never! Fill the cup!
 Fill and drink to: "bottoms up,"
 Then fill up again.
 Draw enjoyment from each feature
 Of this mortal life, and meet your
 Final fate like men.

TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

This world is like a battle-field
 Or an arena broad and great,
 Where hosts of men their weapons wield
 And fight for gold, opposing fate.
 A few are clad in mail of proof,
 A few go "baresark" to the fight,
 While some there are who hold aloof,
 And some who strive with all their might.
 Some fight on in a reckless way
 As if no thing on them depends,
 And some, who really love the fray,
 Will not believe the contest ends.
 We honor all who nobly try
 To do their best in this long strife,
 Who fight on sternly till they die.
 (A noble ending to this life).
 But more than any of the rest
 We honor him, who seeing need
 Of other men, for help with zest
 Will play the part of Winkelried.
 And like him on the battle field
 Receive the spear points in his breast,
 Who sees not his opponents yield,
 But dies in bringing comrades rest.



THE GOSSIP.

THE GOSSIP sees the term rapidly approaching its termination with a great deal of satisfaction.

He will soon know beyond the faintest possibility of a doubt, whether the work he has done this term has fulfilled the requirements or not. He is a little inclined to believe that it has not, for many a night last Winter his thoughts were hovering round one of Bethlehem's fairest, when they should have been inexorably grinding out Metallurgy or Mineralogy.

He has also in mind many an evening spent at the theatre, or at "Charlie's;" and gloomy recollections of Saturdays spent in playing billiards, or simply "loafing," haunt his memory. But he does not regret one bit of this. Oh, no! The Gossip is too much of a philosopher for that, and, besides, he would probably do the same thing again if he had another chance.

Away with such conscience-racking thoughts; fill up the glasses, and let's drink to the coming examinations, and the health of all who take them.

May every man pass every subject, is the benevolent wish of The Gossip, and though he fears it is a trifle too extravagant to be fully realized, he is absolutely sure of this, that every man will pass every subject he can.

And if there are subjects that some of us will not pass—why, we can but say with the stoicism of the ancient Greeks, "A mortal must endure the necessity of fate proceeding from the gods."

* * *

The Gossip roamed absent-mindedly over the campus the other evening drinking in its beauties with the ardent thirst of all lovers of the beautiful in nature.

His examinations were over; his thesis had been accepted; in a few days he would receive

a diploma for which he had striven through four long years; he was going to leave—probably never to return; and he wanted to strengthen, if possible, his impressions of the ivy-covered buildings with their background of mountain scenery.

Never before had he been so reluctant to think of the approaching vacation; heretofore, he had welcomed it boisterously, and had always thought it too short, but now he was inclined to regard it as some dreadful monster, coming to tear him relentlessly from the congenial surroundings to which he had become so attached.

There had been times during the past four years when he had imagined himself ill-treated by some professor, or instructor, and had cherished fierce resentment in his heart; again, when he had "flunked" some examination, he had unhesitatingly consigned the entire institution to eternal perdition; but now he freely forgave all the discomforts to which he had been subjected in the old buildings, and regarded them with a sort of rough affection and an undefined desire to rebel against the fate which was about to separate him from them forever.

As the twilight imperceptibly waned and darkness settled down over the campus, he experienced a strange sense of loneliness; away up by Packer Hall he saw the night watchman lighting his lantern; some one passed near him, whistling, he watched him climb the steep slope and enter the Library, and he knew it was "Berkey" returning for the evening; a flood of light from "Buck's" house attracted his attention, and he saw old "Buck" come out, get a drink of water and, re-entering, close the door once more.

He stood there for some time musing, and feeling that he had never before comprehended how strong an attraction these familiar, everyday occurrences had for him; and as he slowly walked back to his room, he realized that he could never thoroughly appreciate how much his college course had done for him.

THE LIMIT OF THE GAME.

ON Sunday morn he wears a simple knot,
 Because his shirt has neither crease nor spot;
 On Monday morn he dons a four-in-hand,
 For reasons you will shortly understand.
 On Wednesday morn behold a monstrous puff,
 For reasons evident enough.
 Thereafter in a sweater he is clad,
 For he has just one shirt per week—how sad!

H.

CLIPPINGS.

How much a man is like his shoes?
 For instance, both a soul may lose;
 Both have been tanned, both are made tight
 By cobbler; both get left and right;
 Both need a mate to be complete,
 And both are made to go on feet.
 They both need heeling, oft are sold,
 And both in time will turn to mould.
 With shoes, the last is first; with men,
 The first shall be the last; and when
 The shoes wear out they're mended new;
 When men wear out, they're men dead, too.—*Ex.*

A DESCENDING SCALE.

I wish I had a billion,
 I'd even take a million,
 How happy with a thousand I would be!
 I would howl if I had twenty,
 I'd consider ten as plenty,
 "Say, pardner, can't you let me have a V?"—*Ex.*

THE END OF A DAY.

Draped in purple and gold and white,
 Is the resting place of the reddening sun,
 Just past the edge of the smiling lake,
 And the evening is begun.
 Winds with hands as soft as a babe's
 Hold the draperies back, and the god of day
 With a kiss for the hills surrenders the world
 To the march of the shadows gray.
 —*Cornell Magazine.*

S. S. F. '98.

"What's the formula, professor,
 For maidens up to date!"
 The wise man smiled and quickly wrote,
 "S. S. F. '98."
 "Pray, what may mean this mystic scroll?"
 Said she, the Vassar pert,
 "Why, one part saint, and one part sage,
 And ninety-eight a flirt." —*Exchange.*

TRIALS OF A BUSINESS MANAGER.

An undertaker's "ad" he sought,
 Alas, the fates forbade,
 For the undertaker smiling said
 He'd take it out in trade.

—*Trinity Tablet.*

KNOWLEDGE.

What do I know of her eyes
 That I gaze into day after day,
 Whether they're blue as the skies,
 Or dark as the storm-clouds that rise
 When summer is passing away?
 What do I know of her lips
 That I kiss when our reveries close,
 Whether they're pale as the tips
 Of a cloud that in sun-setting dips,
 Or as red as the heart of a rose?
 What do I know? That her eyes
 Are the gates to her soul and my bliss;
 That her lips, with their laughter and sighs
 I unlock to her heart, by surprise,
 With the magical key of a kiss.

—*Nassau Lit.*

KERNELS.

—Bray, '94, has left college to accept a position.

C. B. Davis, ex-'87, has an article on "Philadelphia, The City of Homes," in the June number of *Harper's Magazine*.

—Our Chaplain and Professor of Philosophy, Dr. Worcester, will be absent from college next year. He departs for Europe at the end of the term, and will spend a year in Dresden.

—The prizes offered by the '95 *Epitome* Board have been awarded as follows: Art prizes, Burley, '94, and Williams, '96; literary prizes, Rodney, Ayars, and Pool, all of '96.

—A new treatise on bridge design, by Professor Merriman, is to appear shortly from the press of Wiley & Sons. In preparing the work, Professor Jacoby, '77, and several bridge engineers of prominence, assisted.

—The officers of the Agora for the next year were elected at the last meeting as follows: McKenzie, '95, president; Laramy, '96, vice-president; and Herr, '96, secretary and treasurer.

COLLEGE NOTES.

—Clarkson has signed a contract to coach the Harvard ball team next winter.

—Entrance examinations for Yale will be held in twenty-eight places this year.

—It has been proposed to ask Archbishop Satolli to give an address in Latin at Harvard.

—The University of Pennsylvania has six bicycle riders who have broken the inter-collegiate two-mile record.

—The University of Michigan Faculty have decided that the number of hours required for graduation in all courses shall be 120.

—Twenty-eight foreign countries and every American state and territory, except three, are represented at the University of Pennsylvania.

—The class which leaves the University of Michigan this year numbers 731 and is the largest class ever graduated by an American college.

—The Yale *Literary Magazine* is the oldest college periodical in the country which has continued its publication up to the present time. It was founded in 1837.

—The San Francisco *Examiner* has offered a prize of \$200 for an oratorical contest between the Pacific Slope Colleges. The college to own the trophy must win it three consecutive times.

—The University of Pennsylvania has an attendance of 2,223, thus ranking third in size of the American Universities, Harvard and Michigan surpassing it.

—The trustees of Columbia have made provision for the accommodation of from three thousand to five thousand students in the college's new buildings.

—To ridicule the caps and gowns adopted by the Senior Class of the University of Michigan, the Senior Laws paraded the campus wearing nightshirts, and carrying canes and tin horns. In the rushes which resulted, the nightshirts were torn to shreds.

—The Chicago Athletic Association is endeavoring to arrange an athletic meet at Chicago in June, similar to the Mott Haven games. Favorable answers have been received from several colleges.

—The University of Chicago has purchased the library and manuscripts of the historian, Bancroft, for \$80,000. This increases the total number of volumes to 225,000, making it the largest university library in America.

—The Princeton '92 class-book has gone to the printers, and will appear shortly. It will contain a note from each member of the class stating his occupation, and will be for the use of the class only.

—The Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity at Yale is to erect a \$100,000 house on Hillhouse Avenue. It will be of stone and one of the most expensive at Yale.

—At the University of Indiana class distinctions have been abolished, and hereafter all students will be known by the number of credits, thirty-six of which will entitle him to a diploma.

—Vassar College was recently visited by Mrs. Ballington Booth and Adj. Edith Marshall, of the Salvation Army, who addressed the students with telling effect, no less than fifteen young ladies from wealthy and aristocratic homes in New York, Brooklyn, Washington and other cities, enrolling their names as members of the Auxiliary League of the army as the result of the addresses.

—Captain John Donnell Smith, of Baltimore, has presented Johns Hopkins University with an herbarium and botanical library of great scientific value. The collection will not be transferred to the University until a suitable building is erected. The books alone are worth over \$35,000, and there are about 4800 specimens in the collection, including 300 discovered by Captain Smith in Guatemala.

LAPSUS LINGUE.

"Do you know the language of flowers?" she said,

As she gave him a rose-bud, beautiful, very,

He happened to step on a thistle just then,

And gave her the whole vocabulary.

— *University Herald.*

They roasted him at college,

This "pious" student man,

When sent to teach the cannibals,

They followed the same plan.

— *Wrinkle.*

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REMINISCENCE.

Fame, rank, and fortune I have acquired,
And I am with all elated,
But really I don't feel half so big
As when I graduated.

—The Faculty of the Yale Law School have decided that hereafter students who pass the bar examinations shall be entitled to diplomas without taking the school examinations.

—Trinity is planning to erect on the campus a flagstaff where the American flag shall fly daily. The flag will be raised on alumni day of commencement week. Senator Hawley will deliver the oration of the occasion.

—Admirers of James Russell Lowell will be glad to learn that some unpublished fragments of lectures, delivered to students when Lowell was professor at Harvard, are soon to be given to the public. They will be issued in supplements by the *Harvard Crimson*, appearing at intervals of one week.

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The Lehigh Burr.—Supplement.

Vol. 13.

JUNE 11th, 1894.

No. 21.

GENERAL NEWS.



ON May 19, at Scranton, Lehigh was defeated by Cornell by a score of 7 to 0. Lehigh's team was of a scrub order. The score is as follows:

LEHIGH.						CORNELL.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Orth, lf.....	0	2	1	0	0	Gowle, cf.....	1	1	3	0	0
Petrik, rf.....	0	1	1	0	0	Young, c.....	1	1	9	2	0
Thompson, ss, 3b.	0	0	0	2	0	Ross, lf.....	0	0	1	0	0
Cressman, 3b, 1b.	0	1	4	0	1	Best, rf.....	2	2	0	0	0
Bowie, cf.....	0	0	3	2	0	Rich, 2b.....	1	1	1	4	0
Beggs, 2b.....	0	0	3	3	2	McNeil, 1b.....	0	1	10	1	0
Jackson, p.....	0	1	0	0	0	Harm, ss.....	0	1	1	2	0
Cleary, ss.....	0	0	0	0	0	Afield, 3b.....	1	2	2	0	0
Goss, c.....	0	0	3	0	0	Cobb, p.....	1	1	0	2	1
McClung, 1b.....	0	1	9	1	0						
Total.....	0	6	24	8	3	Total.....	7	10	27	11	1
INNINGS.											
Lehigh	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Cornell	0	0	4	0	0	0	3	N	7		

Summary:—Earned runs, Cornell 3. Two-base hits, Cressman, Best. Bases on balls, Lehigh 4, Cornell 1. Struck out, Lehigh 4, Cornell 7. Passed balls, Young. Time, 1.40. Umpire, Donnegan.

LEHIGH won from Lafayette on Wednesday, May 23, by a score of 11 to 5. It was the second in the series, Lafayette having won the first. The score:

LEHIGH.							LAFAYETTE.						
AT	B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.	AT	B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Bray, cf.....	5	2	1	3	1	0	Holloway, lf....	5	1	2	1	0	0
Petrik, rf.....	5	2	1	2	0	1	Pomeroy, rf....	5	1			1	0
Gadd, c, lf.....	3	1	1	4	0	0	Barckley, c....	5	0	3	4	2	0
McClung, lf....	2	0	0	0	0	0	Crisswell, p....	5	1	1	0	6	0
Cressman, 3b..	4	2	3	2	1	0	Drake, cf.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Thompson, ss..	5	1	1	0	1	0	Roth'mel, 2b..	2	0	1	3	2	0
Senior, 1b.....	5	0	3	7	1	1	Sigman, 1b....	4	1	1	15	0	0
Bowie, p.....	4	0	1	0	10	0	Waters, ss.....	3	0	0	1	5	1
Beggs, 2b.....	5	1	0	3	4	1	Williams, 3b..	2	1	0	3	1	1
Orth, lf.....	1	1	1	0	0	0			—	—	—	—	
Goss, c.....	3	1	2	5	2	0	Total.....	34	5	9	27	18	2
Totals.....42 11 14 ²⁶ 19 3													
* Fly to infield with man on first base.													
INNINGS.													
Lehigh	2	4	0	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Lafayette.....	2	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5
Summary:—Earned runs, Lehigh 6, Lafayette 2. Home runs, Petrik, Cressman. Stolen bases, Cressman 2, Thomson, Holloway 2, Barckley, Crisswell, Sigman, Williams. Struck out by Bowie 8, by Crisswell 3. Base on balls by Bowie 6, by Crisswell 2. Wild pitches by Bowie 3. Sacrifice hit, Bray. Time of game, 1.50. Umpire, Mr. Wykoff.													

THE third game of the Lafayette series was won by Lafayette on Wednesday, May 30. Lehigh's team was minus the services of McClung, who always strengthens the team greatly. The score:

LEHIGH.							LAFAYETTE.								
	AT	B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		AT	B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Orth, cf.....	3	2	0	3	0	1		Holloway, lf.....	5	2	2	0	0	0	
Pettrikin, rf.....	5	1	2	1	0	0		Warne, ss.....	5	1	0	3	0	0	
Thompson, ss..	5	0	2	0	7	4		Pomeroy, rf....	6	2	1	2	0	0	
Cressman, 3b..	4	1	2	0	1	1		Barckley, c....	6	2	3	6	0	0	
Senior, 1b.....	5	2	3	15	1	0		Crisswell, p....	6	2	3	1	4	0	
Bowie, p.....	3	0	0	1	6	4		Drake, cf.....	5	2	1	3	0	1	
Beggs, 2b.....	4	0	1	1	2	0		Rothermel, 2b	5	2	4	2	1	0	
Goss, c.....	3	0	1	5	2	0		Sigman, 1b....	4	1	1	6	1	1	
Peck, lf.....	4	0	1	1	0	0		Williams, 3b..	4	0	1	3	5	0	
Total.....	36	6	12	27	19	10		Total.....	40	14	16	26	11	2	

* Senior out for interfering with batted ball.

INNINGS.															
Lehigh	1	1	0	2	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Lafayette.....	0	3	0	0	1	2	3	2	3	1	4				

Summary:—Earned runs, Lehigh 3, Lafayette 6. Two-base hits, Thompson, Barckley, Rothermel. Three-base hits, Barckley, 2. Stolen bases, Orth, Petrik, Senior, Pomeroy. Double plays, Crisswell and Williams. Struck out by Bowie 3, by Crisswell 5. Base on balls by Bowie 3, by Crisswell 3. Sacrifice hits, Bowie 1, Holloway 1, Warne 1. Time of game, 1.40. Umpire, Mr. Campbell.



LEHIGH, 1; CRESCENTS, 1.

THE third game of lacrosse with the Crescent Athletic Club of Brooklyn was played in Brooklyn, May 23. The score ended one to one, thus leaving the series a tie also. The goals were shot by Hilliard of Lehigh, and Roberts of the Crescents. The teams were as follows:

CRESCENTS.	POSITION.	LEHIGH.
Sutorius,	Goal,	Bastress.
Garvin,	Point,	Dick.
Doyle,	Cover Point,	Roderick.
Moses,	First Defense,	Polhemus.
Drier,	Second Defense,	Ordway.
Post (Capt),	Third Defense,	Dornin.
Patterson,	Centre,	Kip.

THE LEHIGH BURR.

Mac Lean.	Third Attack.	Massey.
Davis.	Second Attack.	S. Baldwin.
Roberts.	First Attack.	Coleman.
Miller.	Out Home.	Hilliard.
Currey.	In Home.	Van Maur.

STEVENS, 4; LEHIGH, 1.

THE final game to decide the lacrosse championship was played on the Athletic Grounds, May 25. The game was an exciting one, and was given to Stevens by Umpire Sutorius making an unfair decision. He would not allow Lehigh the goal shot by Van Maur, although both spectators and players saw it go between the goal posts. Stevens, by winning the game, won the lacrosse championship for 1894. The score was 3 to 2. Van Maur and Hilliard shot Lehigh's goals, while Kellogg shot one and McCord two for Stevens. The teams were as follows:

STEVENS.	POSITION.	LEHIGH.
Coyne.	Goal.	Buel.
Corbett.	Point.	Dick.
Strong.	Cover Point.	Roderick.
Maxwell.	First Defense.	Ordway.
Whitman.	Second Defense.	Polhemus.
Jewel.	Third Defense.	Dornin.
Jennings.	Centre.	Kip.
Fields.	Third Attack.	Massey.
Kellogg.	Second Attack.	Baldwin.
Bruckner.	First Attack.	Coleman.
McCord.	Out Home.	Hilliard.
Hutchinson.	In Home.	Van Maur.

Umpire, Floyd, of Lehigh, and Sutorius, of Crescent Athletic Club. Referee, Roberts, of Crescent Athletic Club. Goals shot in first half, Van Maur 1, Hilliard 1, and Kellogg 1. In second half, McCord 2.

SPRING SPORTS.

THE Annual Spring Sports were held on the Athletic Grounds, Saturday, June 2. As usual, no interest was taken in the affair and the meeting was a failure from a financial standpoint. Lehigh easily out-classed Lafayette. The summary:

100-yards dash—Olmsted, '97, Lehigh, first; McCullough, '95, Lafayette, second; Senior, '97, Lehigh, third. Time, 10 4-5 seconds.

220 yards dash—Olmsted, '97, Lehigh, first; Polhemous, '95, Lehigh, second; McCullough, '95, Lafayette, third. Time, 24 4-5 seconds.

Half mile—Russell, '97, Lehigh, first; Polhemous, '95, Lehigh, first; Boyt, '97, Lehigh,

second; Wheeler, '95, Lehigh, third. Time, 2 minutes, 18 4-5 seconds.

220 Hurdles—Arbenz, '95, Lehigh, first; Warner, '94, Lehigh, second; Laramy, '96, Lehigh, third. Time, 29 4-5 seconds.

Running broad jump—Olmsted, '97, Lehigh, first; Ruggles, '96, Lehigh, second; Schomberg, '94, Lehigh, third. Distance, 19 feet 7 inches. Lehigh record broken by 6 inches.

440-yards run—Warner, '94, Lehigh, first; Howell, '96, Lehigh, second; Miller, '95, Lafayette, third. Time, 55 1-5 seconds.

Mile run—Wheeler, '95, Lehigh, first; Best, '95, Lehigh, second; Hilliard, '95, Lehigh, third. Time, 5 minutes 6 2-5 seconds.

Putting shot—Roderick, '94, Lehigh, first; Newbaker, '94, Lehigh, second; Rowland, '95, Lafayette, third. Distance, 33 feet 8 inches.

Throwing hammer—Rowland, '95, Lafayette, first; Newbaker, '94, Lehigh, second; Roderick, '94, Lehigh, third. Distance, 72 feet 8 inches.

Running high jump—Furst, '97, Lafayette, first; Senior, '97, Lehigh, second; Yates, '97, Lehigh, third. Height, 5 feet 2 inches.

Pole vault—Kline, '96, Lehigh, first; Breisch, '94, Lafayette, second. Height, 8 feet 8 inches.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

THE usual commencement week exercises will take place this year. Beginning Saturday, June 16, with the Sophomore promenade, and ending Wednesday, June 20, with University Day everything will be lively. The programme is as follows:

Saturday, June 16. Sophomore promenade on the Campus.

Sunday, June 11. University-Sunday. Baccalaureate Sermon, by Bishop Hugh Miller Thompson, of Mississippi.

Monday, June 18. Class Day. Class-Day exercises on the Campus in the afternoon, and Junior reception in the evening.

Wednesday, June 10. University Day. Exercises in the Chapel in the morning. Alumni meeting and lunch in Chemical Laboratory in the afternoon.



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